

ART

# The MENTOR

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SEPTEMBER 1922



POE, THE HAUNTED POET

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**The Mentor**

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"Get your horse," he said.  
"I know where Pedro is—Presidio County on the Rio Grande."

"We left that night with four horses and fifty dollars. We rode six hundred miles. . . . Pedro came galloping up and into the corrals from the opposite side. He didn't see me. Like a flash I spurred in between the horses. They went wild and broke from the corral. Pedro turned, recognized me and shouted to the men. . . ."

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"And there is O. Henry—guiltless of crime, and locked up in jail, as if by a stern taskmaster who said, 'Now, will you write?' And some of us wonder, if after all, it matters how much an individual—a finely sensitive soul—is made to suffer, if the final outcome is to be stories such as O. Henry wrote." It makes us feel more than ever that individuals, in the long run, do not count."

274  
Complete  
Stories

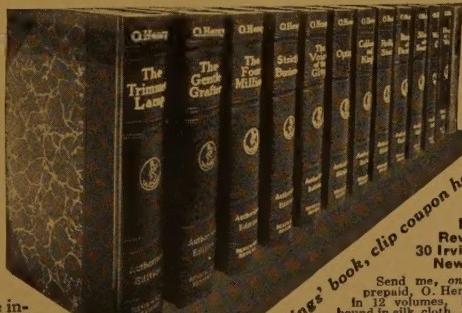
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Long  
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You love his stories because you see yourself in them—your real hidden self which no one else ever sees. Other men write so that you read and sagely nod your head and say—"That is so. This man writes of people such as I know." But O. Henry writes, and you read, and with sudden laughter cry—"This is me!"



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Mentor 9-22

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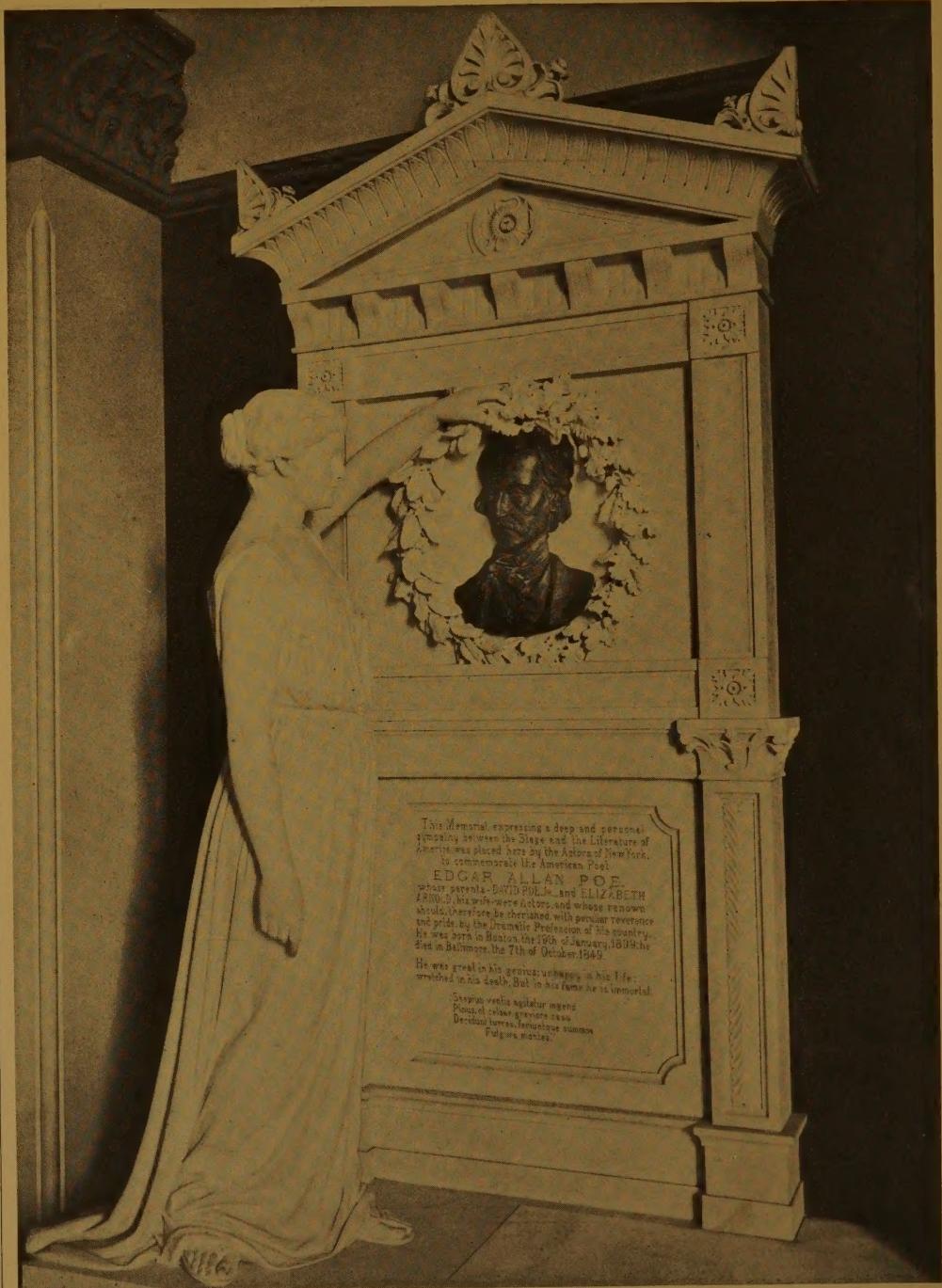
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## EDGAR ALLAN POE



STATUE OF POE IN BALTIMORE

THIS beautiful statue was designed by Sir Moses Ezekiel, and erected by the Edgar Allan Poe Association at the Maryland Avenue Entrance to Wyman Park, Baltimore. It was unveiled October 20, 1921, the memorial address being delivered by C. Alphonso Smith.



♦ THE ACTORS' ♦  
MONUMENT TO  
EDGAR ALLAN POE

A fine memorial in marble, expressive of the actors' reverent regard for the genius of Poe, whose parents, David Poe, Jr., and Elizabeth Arnold, were actors. It was dedicated by Edwin Booth, and was set up in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, May 4, 1885. The tribute reads: "He was great in his genius; unhappy in his life; wretched in his death. But in his fame he is immortal!"

# The MENTOR

Vol. 10



No. 8

SEPTEMBER, 1922

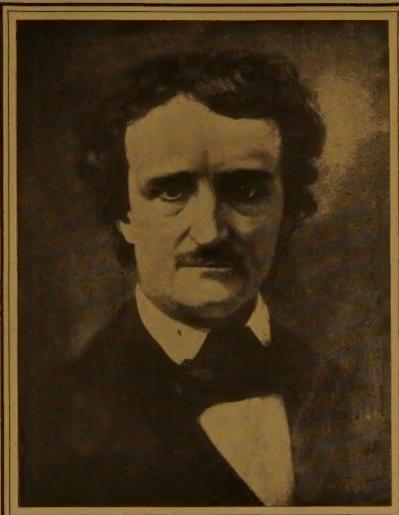


## DGAR ALLAN POE

BY C. ALPHONSO SMITH

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.



From photo by Holsinger  
PORTRAIT HANGING IN POE'S ROOM,  
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Poe is the necromancer of American literature. Read his prose and you crown him as the king of terror. Read his poetry and you concede a witchery of words found in no other of our American poets. There have been those who denied him a place among our greatest prose writers as well as our greatest poets; but no one has denied his power, his ability to reach the hidden places of the soul, his unique position in literature. No other poet has ever written so little and yet lodged so much in the memory as Poe. The emotions to which he appeals are neither many nor varied, but they are elemental and universal; and he appeals to them with a directness, with a weird vividness, with an impassioned intensity that have made him—though dead—a living force.

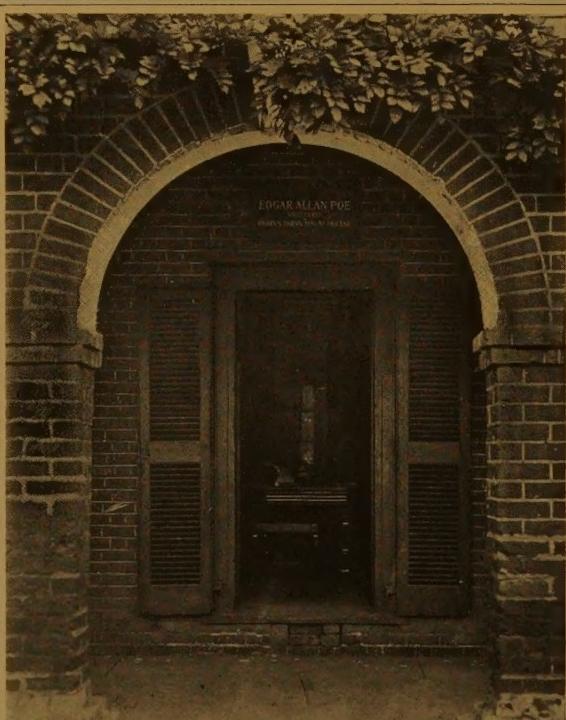
But the popular conception of the man's real service remains strangely vague. As a poet there are thousands of Americans who still think of him only as "the jingle man;" and as a prose writer they consider him chiefly a "manufacturer of cold creeps and maker of shivers." If this were all, his international fame would be not only hard to explain, but a stinging indictment of the literary taste of two worlds.

As I see it, Poe has influenced world literature in several definite ways. He had his weaknesses both of character and of genius. But America has produced no other genius whose life has been so mercilessly probed, whose every word and act has been so publicly blazoned, or whose motives have been so relentlessly scrutinized.

Poe has been a discoverer in the realm of meter and rhythm. I say "discoverer" advisedly, not "inventor." Men do not invent new rhyme combina-

## EDGAR ALLAN POE

tions or new stanza forms. These forms were already existent, waiting for someone to call them into service. Now, Poe was a ceaseless experimenter in sound combinations, line combinations, and stanza combinations. His <sup>apparent</sup> mastery of the technical devices of "repetition" and "parallelism" has permanently enriched the resources of English poetry. Take also the matter of new stanza forms. So far as I know, no new stanza had been coined in English literature since Spenser's time, till Poe appeared. The stanza structure of "The Raven," of "To Helen," and of "Ulalume" are altogether new creations. It was instantly recognized that Poe had done a new thing in these poems. Indeed, Poe gave such flexibility and malleability to stanza structure as to justify us in saying of him that he found the stanza a *solid*, but left it a *liquid*. Then, too, his rhyme combinations, especially his characteristic blending of tripping syllables with sonorous syllables, as "napping" and "rapping" with "door" and "more," "Lenore" and "Evermore," added appreciably to the gamut of poetic effects. No other poet of his time revealed so many unknown resources in poetic technique as Poe. "Poe has proved himself," says Edmund Gosse, "to be the Pied Piper of Hamelin to all later English poets. From Tennyson to Austin Dobson there is hardly one whose verse-music does not show traces of Poe's influence." Some are actually imitative of Poe.



Photograph by Holsinger

### ENTRANCE TO POE'S ROOM



Above the door of Poe's room, University of Virginia, is the Latin inscription, "Domus parva magni poetae," meaning "The small home of a great poet"

Both in theory and practice Poe is the founder of the American short story as distinguished from the story that is merely short. His constructive leadership in this realm is recognized both at home and abroad. Washington Irving may be said to have legendized the short story, making it a means of storing legendary material in more enduring and attractive form. Hawthorne allegorized it, converting it into a sort of miniature "Pilgrim's Progress." Bret Harte localized it, and California became the first romantic region that was lifted into literature on the shoulders of the short story. Joel Chandler Harris folklorized it with the Uncle Remus stories. O. Henry socialized it, leaving it the most

flexible and responsive medium of expression of everyday life and the social reaction that American literature has to its credit. Poe's contribution was unlike any of these. He retold no legends, he looked askance at allegory, he brought no locality into literature, he saw no career for art in folklore, and he found his creative inspiration not in the changing moods and whims of society about him, but in the visions and questionings deep within the human consciousness.

His central contribution to the new form was not content, but structure. Poe standardized the short story; that is, he formulated a code for short-story writing that has been followed consciously or unconsciously in all lands. The old way was to begin with your chief character or your plot or your background, and to make one of these central and distinctive. But Poe declared that all of these should be made dependent upon and convergent upon the effect that you wish to produce—the *effect*, that was the chief thing.

Begin with this predetermined effect—that should be your real and only goal. Character, plot, and background have no reason for existence except as they contribute to this central and controlling purpose.

**EFFECT IS \*** Poe's phrase, "totality of effect," sums up admirably his point of view. It was a formula from which he never **EVERYTHING** swerved a hair's breadth. There are no unnecessary phrases or lines in his best stories. From the first word the lines begin to converge toward the predetermined and prearranged effect. In all lands his stories have been fruitful of suggestion, not because they brought a new message, but because they showed a faultless method of expressing whatever a writer of narrative had to say. There is no better model than that established by Poe. His motto was not merely brevity, but brevity plus effectiveness.

An old question, and a large one, in art is: Does genius act spontaneously or self-consciously? Poe stands for conscious and painstaking craftsmanship. Kant said that genius is wholly unconscious of its own operations. My own opinion is that Poe is much nearer the ultimate truth in this matter than



Photograph by Hoisinger

⊕ ⊕ POE'S ROOM ⊕ ⊕  
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

The room Poe occupied at the University of Virginia is kept carefully, and almost in original condition, as a memorial chamber



Courtesy Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston

### THE RAVEN

The house in which Poe wrote "The Raven." It was situated near West Eighty-fourth Street, New York City



Kant. At any rate, when Poe wrote his "Philosophy of Composition" (1846), telling just how he composed "The Raven," he touched a big thought in a vital way and furnished the chief whetstone on which foreign critics, whether with him or against him, have sharpened their critical knives. He was thus a constructive force not only by what he did, *but by what he said as to how he did it.* He once called this self-attentiveness "a curse;" but, if it was a curse to him, it has been a blessing to other craftsmen. Arthur Ransome, the English critic, in his recent "Life of Poe," says that what Poe called in himself a "curse" is the quality "that is at the bottom of all public knowledge of technique. The man who is as

interested in the *way* of doing a thing as in the *thing when done* is the man who is likely to put a new tool into the hands of his fellow craftsmen." Poe's "Philosophy of Composition" remains the best document in

evidence to prove that genius, while unconscious perhaps in its larger inspirations, is not unconscious in its choice of technique to express itself. A study of the life and work of Leonardo da Vinci, Goethe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Robert Louis Stevenson, Tennyson, or even Robert Burns will show the same sort of self-attentiveness. But Poe wrote with a freedom and minuteness of detail about the composition of his own work that have made him pre-eminently the spokesman of those who believe that genius, whether in literature, painting, sculpture, or music, must toil painstakingly and self-consciously to bridge the chasm between the first rapture and the well-ordered expression of the rapture in concrete form.

H. H. Ewers, another recent biographer of Poe, observes that "Poe was the first poet to speak so plainly of his own work. In this respect he is distinctly American, and stands also on the very threshold of modern thought." You notice that Ewers tries to find in Poe something "distinctively American." Poe was the first American whose work suggested a new and sounder attitude toward the meaning of "Americanism." This was one of Poe's

## EDGAR ALLAN POE

unconscious services, but none the less a real one. There was a time (it is with us yet) when critics thought that no writer could be American who did not embody in his work American history, American scenery, American geography, American traditions, or American characters. I hope that day is

**POE A TRUE  
AMERICAN  
PRODUCT \*** passing. I am convinced at least that it will pass and that it will pass *via* a right appreciation of what Poe has done. Nationalism is not physical, but spiritual and temperamental. It is to be seen in the extent to which a writer expresses and illustrates the *essential characteristics* of his people, and not by actual descriptions of national scenes, characters, and events in his writings, nor by "local color" of any kind. Byron and Browning are unmistakably English, though there is little or no English history or geography in their work. For at least thirty years foreign critics have been trying to appraise Poe in terms of a distinctively American product. Formerly they declared that he was utterly un-American, not only in theme, but also in essential genius. The changed attitude is significant. It means not only that Poe is being better understood but that he is the means by which America and Americanism are being better understood. To my mind Poe's ~~Americanism~~ <sup>constructive</sup> lies not in his themes or in his geography—which are not American—but in his constructive genius. He thought in terms of structure. He is to be classed among our great builders. The very essence of Americanism is constructive—



THE SIMPLE HOME  
OF GENIUS \*

The Fordham cottage from a sketch showing it as it looked when the  
Poes lived there



\* \* \*

POE COTTAGE  
SKETCHED BY F.  
HOPKINSON SMITH

\* \* \*

This interesting sketch was made by the artist, F. Hopkinson Smith, a number of years ago, before the cottage was moved and restored. This is what Mr. Smith wrote about it at that time: "It is exactly as he left it; a ground-floor room and an attic, with a box of a kitchen in the rear; close to the small windows looking on the street a scraggly fence framing a garden no larger than a grave plot, and on the side a narrow portico covered by a roof supported on short wooden pillars. It may have been painted since, probably has, and here and there a new paling may have been added to the fence, but that is about all. Everything else tells the story of its sad past, with the helpless bitter poverty of the great poet. For nearly four years he and his frail, slender wife slept in the attic under the low-hipped roof—so low that his beloved Virginia could hardly stand upright within its cramped walls."

ness. We have been builders ever since we landed on this continent. Poe's Americanism is found, then, in the conscious adaptation of means to end, in the quick realization of structural possibilities, in the practical handling of details, in the efficiency and effectiveness of his technique, which enabled him to body forth his visions in enduring forms, and even to originate the only new type of prose literature that our country has produced.

Let us think of Poe, then, not as some strange, abnormal being, ill-starred and ineffective. Let us think of him as one who, suffering much, thought much and wrought much; one who enlarged the realm of poetry by enriching and diversifying the range of poetic effect; one who touched the short story to finer issues in all lands; one who revealed the secret of poetic achievement as it had never been revealed before; and one who not only carried our common Americanism to the utmost bounds of civilization, but who also enriched the concept and idea of Americanism by a constructive genius still unparalleled in our literature.



## POE'S RAVEN

A note on the meaning of the poem

It is doubtful if any poem has excited more comment than Poe's "Raven." The fateful note of "Nevermore" that fell from the beak of the sable bird perched above the poet's door has sounded solemnly through the years, and as succeeding generations have felt its spell, the discussion has been renewed: What was the

Raven, and what was the significance of the Raven's visit? Was it a real bird, or merely a grim emblem of the shadow that rested upon the poet's heart? The author is literal enough in his description of his sable visitor—in fact, his description is actually realistic, and his account of the Raven's single utterance is couched in gravely quaint diction—almost ironic in phrase. Did he then really receive this somber night caller? Or was the Raven a symbol of Fate—or of the poet's conscience? The question has been

asked many times, and it has but one true answer: The Raven "is the very genius of 'night's Plutonian shore,' different from other ravens, entirely the poet's own. It is an emblem of the Irreparable, the guardian of pitiless memories, whose burden ever recalls the days that are no more."

Wherever, on man's soul, the shadow of tragic memory falls—there the Raven broods.

Clement King.

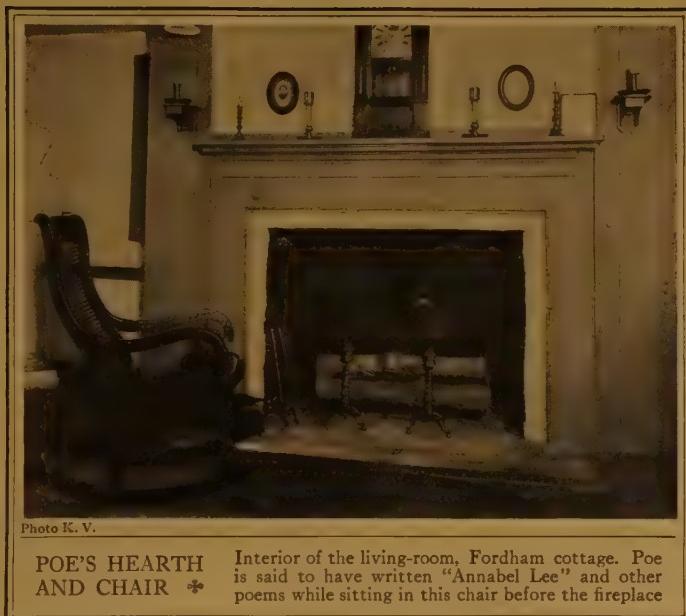


Photo K. V.

### POE'S HEARTH AND CHAIR

Interior of the living-room, Fordham cottage. Poe is said to have written "Annabel Lee" and other poems while sitting in this chair before the fireplace



Photo K. V.

### THE MODEST POE KITCHEN

A number of the household articles—the stove, probably—are original Poe possessions; others are of the same time and have been given by interested friends



# OE THE MAN \*

## How He Looked and How He Lived \*

BY ARTHUR B. MAURICE

FORMER EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN," AUTHOR OF  
"NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS," ETC.

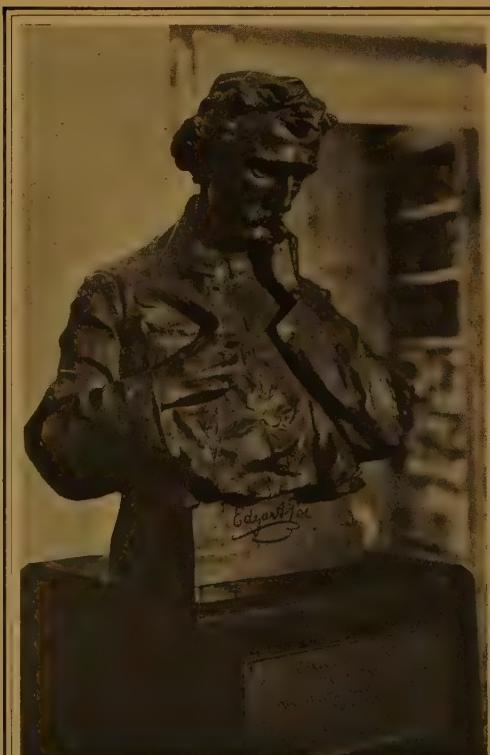
What kind of a being was Poe the man, apart from Poe the poet and weaver of weird tales? A dozen men have been Poe's historians, and several women. Some of them owe all the reputation they possess to the association of their names with the name of Poe. They wrote from varied points of view, and disagreed emphatically. Sometimes they squabbled furiously with one another.

The amount of conflicting testimony seems almost to obscure the portrait, so that it is with difficulty that we come to an understanding of what manner of man he was, of what was the secret, the true story of that gloomy, tragic, and embittered life. For half a century the world of letters has resounded to

such questions as: "Was he truthful? Was he temperate? Was he straightforward in money matters? Was he fair and decent in his attitude toward his fellow men?"

Old Horace Greeley left a smirch on Poe's reputation in money matters by a letter that he regarded as facetious. Someone asked him where an autograph of Poe could be had, and Greeley replied that an I. O. U. of the author for \$50 was at the writer's disposal for any small part of that sum. There were doubtless many similar I. O. U.'s in existence.

The case against Poe is a clear enough one—but consider the conditions. The child of strolling players, Poe was adopted as a child into the family of John Allan, who brought him up, sent him to good schools, and then to the University of Virginia. John Allan prospered, and Poe regarded himself in the light of the Allan heir. A second marriage, how-



Photograph by Holsinger

BUST OF POE BY ZOLNAY

Presented to the University of Virginia by the Poe  
Memorial Association, 1899

\* \* \*

Facsimile reproduction of the original manuscript of "Annabel Lee," reproduced by permission of Mrs. Isaac M. Dyckman, owner of the manuscript. It is a good example of Poe's fine, clear, firm handwriting. There are many of Poe's manuscripts to be seen to-day in private or public collections, both prose and poetry, and they are all written in a delicate, legible hand—not the shaking hand or uncertain scrawl of an alcoholic victim

Annabel Lee.  
By Edgar A. Poe.

*It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee; —  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.*

Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston

ever, brought John Allan children, and proved a deathblow to Poe's expectations. Poe visited the Allan house for the last time a short time before Mr. Allan's death, and the old man threatened him with his cane and ordered him away without giving him a chance to say a word. Poe, cut off without mention in the will, and a laughingstock in the town in which he had lived, went sore and resentful out into the world.

From that day dated his money bitterness. It was always with him until his death. In New York he lived in part of a frame house in Carmine Street, or in shabby rooms in Amity Street, which was the old name of West Third Street, or on an upper floor on the East Side, or in a shanty on the Bloomingdale Road, or in the cottage at Fordham where his young wife, Virginia, at the point of death, shivered for want of a coverlet. In a suburb of Philadelphia he lived in what an English visitor described as a "lean-to."

A broad view of Poe's life does not suggest blame, but, rather, pity. The poor, harassed young genius must have been at times mentally unbalanced. Some evil spirit of restless perversity possessed him. He had the chance of a settled and honorable career when he entered West Point, but threw it away. He had chances in editorial positions—but apparently could not remain patient under the confining conditions of a "steady job." And then, with clouds of ill-fortune hanging over him, he must needs take a "child wife," little more than twelve years old. This was done in the face of general opposition, Poe having only the support of his wife's mother, Mrs. Clemm, who adored him as "her Eddie" throughout life, and who shed a few rays of sunshine on his somber existence.

There is one letter to Mrs. Clemm, written in good spirits, which reflects the pathetic life of Poe better than any epistle of his impassioned moments. It was in April, 1844, when, with Virginia, he had come from Philadelphia to New York, seeking to better his fortunes. He describes the journey: "We went in the cars to Amboy, about 40 miles from New York, and then took the steamboat the rest of the way. Sissy (his name for his wife) coughed none



© A. G. Learned, 1916

VIRGINIA CLEMM POE  
After a water color sketch

Married as a young girl to Poe, she was the  
inspiration and supreme love of his life

at all. When we got to the wharf it was raining hard. I left her on board the boat, after putting the trunks in the ladies' cabin, and set off to buy an umbrella and look for a boarding house. I met a man selling umbrellas and bought one for 62 cents. When we got to the house we had to wait half an hour before the room was ready. Last night, for supper, we had the nicest tea you ever drank, strong and hot; wheat bread; cheese; tea cakes (elegant); a great dish (2 dishes) of elegant ham, and 2 of cold veal, piled up like a mountain, and large slices; 3 dishes of cakes, and everything in the greatest profusion. No fear of starving here—I ate the first hearty breakfast I have eaten since we left our little home.

"Sis is delighted, and we are both in

excellent spirits. She is now busy mending my pants, which I tore against a nail. We have now got \$4 and a half left. To-morrow I am going to try to borrow \$3—so that I may have a fortnight to go on."

A homely letter—and one that does not suggest the wastrel or the spend-thrift. If he could count on seven dollars and a half, the fortnight would be secure for them both! What a rosy outlook!

**THE EVER- + LASTING POE CONTROVERSY** It was ever Poe's fate to be bitterly criticized, living and dead! English poets—Byron, Shelley, Swinburne—could live reckless, lawless lives; but the unhappy Poe was hounded to his grave for his temperamental faults, and after burial his memory was frequently revived that he might be tortured anew.

Europeans are inclined to regard with amazement what we call the "Poe Controversy"—that everlasting discussion over Poe's personal habits. Many of his biographers and critics have concerned themselves more about his faults of weakness, which were mortal, than his literary work, which is immortal. We can appreciate how animated the "controversy" has been when we recall Poe's exclusion from the *first* list of the Hall of Fame on account of his alleged intemperance! Poe now holds a place in the Hall of Fame—an honor that the most distinguished of his defamers does not share with him.

What is the approximate truth of the controversy? Probably that Poe drank little, but that little was too much for him. (*Continued on page 29*)

# BELLS AND BELL TOWERS

Famous in History and Romance

By CLINTON H. MENEELY

Son of the original Meneely, bell founder, who made bells nearly a hundred years ago; and descendant of the first bell makers in America



From a Photograph by Avery E. Field

## THE BELL OF MONSERRAT

This is one of the most interesting bells in the great collection of bells from all parts of the world and out of all centuries that has been gathered by Mr. Frank A. Miller, at Riverside, California. The picturesque Mission Inn at Riverside is a veritable museum of bells. Mr. Miller became interested in bells in 1905 and he has been collecting them with enthusiasm and intelligence ever since, visiting churches, monasteries, missions, museums, and old houses in all quarters of the globe in search for odd, interesting and historic bells. As a result he has gathered together at the Mission Inn the finest and most important collection of bells in the world. The bell pictured above came from Monserrat, near Barcelona, Spain. It is made of beautifully ornamented bronze, date 1704, and bears a double inscription, the upper being "Dedicated to the honor of God, and of the Virgin Mary and of All Saints." The lower inscription: "Salvador and Francis Anthony of Monserrat, donora. Dedicated to S. S. Sylvester and Cajetan."

# BELLS AND BELL TOWERS

**B**EELS have contact with almost every phase of life's experience. Throughout the ages bells and chimes have been interlinked with the history of people and nations. Before man kept records he made bell-shaped vessels of wet clay, open at one end. Baked in the sun rays, they hardened and gave off a pleasing resonance when struck. Thus the bell was born to send out waves of harmonic vibration into the ether of time.

Aboriginal people used bell trimming as ornament, and set bits of metal a-jingle in dances and incantations. Moses, Isaiah, and the prophet Zachariah mention the use of bells and anklets on the feet of women, as yokes for horses, and in temple ceremonials. Small bells were the first made, and they performed a multitude of services. The Greeks festooned their triumphal cars with bells, and belled malefactors on their way to execution. The Romans called citizens to the senate and forum, the market place and baths by bells, and gave prizes of silver bells for races.

In the Orient, bells were used in religious worship at least 2,000 years before Christ. It was an Italian bishop—Paulinus of Nola, who first used bells in Christian worship, and shortly after he lived, about 400 A. D., church towers were raised in various countries of Europe to hold bells that summoned worshippers. Two hundred years after Paulinus, bells had become so much a part of the Christian service that a papal bull was issued specifying that every church should have one.

The Bell of St. Patrick, made in the sixth century of rude hammered iron and enshrined in a case of bronze, gold and jewels, receives the veneration of visitors to the National Museum of Dublin. Many such handbells belonging to Saints are preserved as relics.

The curfew bell, the angelus, the passing bell—these are part of bell practice and tradition. The ringing of bells was a signal of war in the French Revolution. The great bell of St. Mark's, Venice, and others in Italian campaniles, and Spanish turrets have also been used as alarms. Most famous of all European bells of olden times was the one dedicated to Roland of Ghent, Belgium.

"I am Roland," ran the inscription; "When I toll, it's fire;

"When I thunder, it's victory."

Charles V unhung and destroyed the Roland bell when he subdued warlike Ghent.

To deprive a town of its bells has always been a sign of degradation. When Cromwell appeared before Cork he ordered all bells to be taken down and converted into artillery. Among many superstitions about bells, is one that avows that bells carried from their own towers will remain silent in the enemy's land.

Bells are designed according to mathematical laws. The shape differs in various countries. Chinese bells are frequently square, Japanese and Korean bells barrel-shaped. Italian bells have an unusually long "waist" or middle section. The ideal bell composition is made of two metals



DAIBUTSU TEMPLE BELL, KYOTO, JAPAN

Cast in 1614, this great bell is 14 feet high, 9 feet in diameter, and weighs 63 tons. Its splendid, deep, solemn voice can be heard all over the neighborhood.



© Underwood & Underwood

#### THE GREAT BELL TOWER OF RUSSIA

This is the tower of Ivan the Great—Ivan Veliki, which contains several famous large bells. The Great Bell of Moscow may be seen resting on its base in the center of the picture.

only, copper and tin. Clearness of tone and strength of casting are derived from a proportion of 78 parts of new copper to 22 parts of block tin. It is a delusion that sweet-toned bells have silver in them. The more silver there is in the composition the worse the result.

A bell's tone is affected not only by its metallic composition, but by its shape and proportions. The "voice" of a bell is really a chorus of voices. The tone is many tones blended. The better the bell, the better it sounds at a distance, and, on the other hand, bells may give off a good tone when heard at close range, and yet sound very bad indeed when rung.

The vibrations of bell tones are mysterious to the unlearned, but skilled founders work with mathematical precision.

A powerful force is exerted by the sound waves of even a small bell. Muleteers climbing perilous paths in the Alps tie fast the neck bells on their animals to avoid the possibility of their vibration affecting sliding snowbanks.

The largest bell ever cast is the great bell of Moscow, pictured in this article. The bell stands now on a base near the wall of the Kremlin in Moscow. In the cathedral of this most typical of Russian cities there is another great bell weighing 120,000 pounds. It hangs in the tower of Ivan

## THE MENTOR

Veliki, and, following tradition, is rung but three times a year when all other bells are still. Hanging in the same tower are thirty or forty other bells, some of which weigh several tons. Russia is called "The Land of Bells." All over the vast domain, their thunderous voices are heard morning and evening.

Next to Russia, the largest bells are in China. It is not an unusual sight to see tall towers broken down by the weight of bells suspended in them. The bells of China, aside from their size, are not to be compared with those of other countries. Their shape is not right for a good tone, and they are further muffled by being struck with wooden hammers. The most celebrated bell in China is the one at Pekin. Its weight is 120,000 pounds and its diameter is twelve feet.

The Japanese make their bells in very much the same general shape as the Chinese.



© Underwood & Underwood

### THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW

This is the largest bell in the world, and was made to the order of Empress Elizabeth of Russia in 1733. It weighs about 490,000 pounds, and the metal in it cost over \$300,000—in addition to which a million dollars in jewels and gold plate were thrown into the molten mass by zealous subjects. The bell is twenty feet in height and twenty-two feet in diameter—it was broken when a beam from

which it was suspended burned

There is a well-known chime player, who presides over the keyboard of the great tower of St. Rombold, Malines, Belgium.



From Photograph by Brown Brothers

### BELL MARKET, MOSCOW

Russia has been well named "The Land of Bells." Here is an open market-place where bells of various sizes are for sale



© Underwood & Underwood

#### TOWER OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL

The Flemish bell makers were the best of olden times, and this tower contains a chime of forty bells, given by Emperor Charles V, and celebrated in legend and history

Thousands of people gather in the square of the old Flemish city to hear his weekly concerts. On a summer day in the fateful year of 1914 the bell ringer sat in his tower and played the national airs of Belgium to encourage soldiers marching out to stem the onrush of the German army. In June, 1919, when President Wilson went to Malines, the "Star Spangled Banner" was rendered on these historic bells.

A belfry for which Americans have special sentiment is the one in Bruges, "old and brown," which Longfellow made famous. The same poet wrote of another chime in "The Golden Legend," referring to the bells of Strasburg Cathedral.

"Great Paul," in St. Paul's Cathedral, is largest of all English swinging bells. The new Sacré-Coeur Church, Paris, contains the heaviest swinging bell in Europe.

Within recent years many American cities have been enriched by the gift of splendid bell chimes. One of the largest tenor bells in the world is in the tower of the Court House and City Hall in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Another notable chime has recently been given to the city of Springfield, Massachusetts.

In the West Point Cadet Chapel hangs a memorial chime of twelve bells that have been pronounced by bell makers and musicians the finest in the world.



From Photograph by Brown Brothers

### COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

In the towers of this superb Gothic edifice hung the famous "Maria Gloriosa" and "Emperor" bells. These bells have a special historical interest in that they were cast from the metal of forty-two French cannon, captured by the Germans in the War of 1870—and were made into cannon again in the late World War



ST. ROMBOLD TOWER, MALINES, BELGIUM

Thousands gather in the market-place to hear the weekly concerts by the accomplished chime player. These chimes played their part in the World War, and played "The Star Spangled Banner" afterward when President Wilson visited Malines.



#### BELL TOWER OF GHENT, BELGIUM

Where a fine Carillon of 52 bells has given joy to many thousands. This Carillon rang out that Christmas Eve in 1814 when the Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed and, but for the outbreak of the great war, these same bells would in 1914 have celebrated the completion of a hundred years of unbroken peace between the two great English-speaking nations



© Underwood & Underwood

### BELL TOWER OF BRUGES, BELGIUM

Very old (1487) bells made by famous Flemish bell makers sound out from this historic tower. Longfellow made these bells famous in verse, and he wrote in his diary: "Oh, those chimes! how deliciously they lull one to sleep! The little bells, with their clear liquid notes, like the voices of boys in a choir, and the solemn bass of the great bell tolling in, like the voice of a friar!"



THE CAMPANILE, ST. MARK'S PLACE, VENICE

The square campanile tower, 325 feet in height, collapsed in 1902, but the foundations were strengthened and the towers were admirably rebuilt in 1905-1911. Above the brick shaft, 150 feet high, is the bell chamber containing a group of five fine bells.



© Underwood & Underwood

BEST BUILT BELL TOWER, CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE, ITALY

The Campanile, which was begun by Giotto (Jotto) in 1334-1337, is 276 feet in height, richly decorated with colored marble. Great art authorities, John Ruskin in particular, pronounce this the best constructed—in power and beauty—of all bell towers of the world.



From Photograph by Dwight L. Elmendorf

#### WHERE "BIG BEN" STRIKES THE HOURS

In the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament, London, is "Big Ben," one of the largest bells in England. He weighs thirteen tons, and his tone can be heard over most of London.



From Photograph by Brown Brothers

#### THE BEST BELL IN ENGLAND

In St. Paul's Cathedral, London, hangs "Great Paul." This Cathedral has always been famous for its bells—some of which have played a part in history—and Great Paul, which hangs in the bell tower is pronounced the best bell in England.



THE BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL MISSION, CALIFORNIA



BELLS AND CROSS OF SAN DIEGO MISSION, CALIFORNIA

The cross marks the spot where San Diego had its beginning, and where the first Spanish Mission in California was established. The cross is composed of tiles used in 1769 to floor the Mission, and were brought by Fra Junipero from Spain, and overland from Vera Cruz. The bells are part of those that hung in the original San Diego Mission.



From Photograph by A. E. Field

### THE BELL OF FATHER DAMIEN

This is a corner of one of the courts of Mission Inn, Riverside, California. In sight are six bells of Mr. Miller's collection, the most interesting of all being the one in the center—cracked in several places. This is the bell from the church of St. Francis, at the leper settlement of Molokai, Hawaiian Islands. This is the very same bell that hung in the church where Father Damien ministered for years so heroically to those who lived a living death—the lepers of Molokai.



From Photograph by A. E. Field

### BELLS OF ALL KINDS

At the foot of the stairs in this part of the Mission Inn, we find many varied witnesses of Mr. Miller's enthusiasm in collecting bells. In sight are more than fifty bells besides several gongs, and they are examples of bell making from many different quarters of the world.



From Photograph by W. H. Stockbridge

#### ONE OF THE FINEST BELL TOWERS IN AMERICA

This beautiful structure is the Municipal Tower of Springfield, Mass., and marks the civic center of that city. The architecture follows that of the Italian Campanile in size and detail—and it was designed by Mr. F. Livingston Pell. The tower is constructed from Indiana limestone, with an interior of marble brought from Greece. The belfry is 224 feet above the sidewalk, and was planned for sixteen bells. The chimes were paid for by public subscription—the school children paying for one bell, the architects' society for one, and others contributed by various organizations.



From Photograph by Rau, Philadelphia

### THE LIBERTY BELL

In the Hall of Independence rests the famous bell that voiced the protest of the Colonies of the new continent and announced the Birth of a New Nation. It is said that it receives more devoted visitors than any other historical relic that the nation possesses. The full story of The Liberty Bell is told in *The Mentor*, No. 158, July, 1918, copies of which are obtainable

# CHANGE RINGING AND "QUARTERS"

THE term "Change Ringing" is applied to any order in which bells are struck other than the usual order of up-and-down, from the lowest to the highest. Change ringing is a continual production of such changes on bells without any repetition. Change ringing is an interesting art, and has been an occupation for about 300 years, during which not only professional bell-ringers, but persons of rank and education have practised it.

In the course of time various methods of change ringing came into use—and the art developed to such a point that a number of books, both elementary and advanced, have been written on the subject. It will be seen at once that only three or four bells are needed for change ringing. The number of changes that can be played upon even three bells is amazing—while twelve bells will allow of not less a number of changes than 479,091,600.

A chime is a different affair—for a chime gives music as well as changes. There is no limit to the number of bells necessary to constitute a chime, but, in the United States, a chime is generally said to consist of eight bells, tuned to the eight tones of the octave. In nearly every case a bell tuned to the flat seventh tone of the octave is added, thus rendering the chime capable of playing music in two keys.

A *peal*, in this country, is generally said to consist of three bells, tuned to the first,

third, and fifth tones of the octave or musical scale. Where four bells are used, the eighth musical tone is added, thus completing the octave in range. The Westminster peal, or as it is called, "Cambridge Quarters," is becoming more popular in the

United States than any other form of peal. It is the Cambridge Quarters that New Yorkers hear from the four bells of the Metropolitan Tower. This arrangement derives its name from the fact that it was introduced over a century ago in St. Mary's College, Cambridge, and it was based on an air which was said to have been written by the composer, Handel. Many years after it was copied for the tower of the House of Parliament, Westminster.

In the case of the Metropolitan Tower, the Cambridge Quarters are played by a motive power derived from mechanism operated by the tower clock. Four notes are struck at the first quarter-hour, eight at the second,

twelve at the third, and sixteen at the hour, followed by the hour, struck on the large bell. Four times an hour, then, millions of people in and around New York hear a fragment or "quarter" of Handel's tune.

"Great," says Robert Southey, the poet, "are the mysteries of bell ringing. And this may be said in its praise, that of all devices which men have sought out for obtaining distinction by making a noise in the world, it is the most harmless."



THE HIGHEST BELLS IN THE WORLD

Bells on mountain tops are higher, but the four bells that sound "Quarters" from the Metropolitan tower, New York, are the highest above the ground—over 700 feet

and sixteen at the hour, followed by the hour, struck on the large bell. Four times an hour, then, millions of people in and around New York hear a fragment or "quarter" of Handel's tune.

"Great," says Robert Southey, the poet, "are the mysteries of bell ringing. And this may be said in its praise, that of all devices which men have sought out for obtaining distinction by making a noise in the world, it is the most harmless."

## THE MENTOR

### \* POE \* THE MAN

Continued from  
page 12

There is no doubt that, at intervals, Poe resorted to stimulants, and even to drugs. But to picture him as an habitual drunkard or opium eater is absurd.

James Huneker, in his autobiography, "Steeplejack," tells us that his father knew Poe for several years and met him often—that he never saw Poe the worse for liquor except once, and then it was a mere thimbleful of brandy that upset him. He was so constituted physically that a single glass of liquor drove him out of all self-possession for a day, if not for many days. Consider, however, what he accomplished in a life that ended at forty. There are plenty of his manuscripts to be seen. Look at the handwriting—firm, legible, almost feminine in its delicacy! The hand of no opium sot or habitual wallower in spirits could have penned those.

#### HOW POE LOOKED

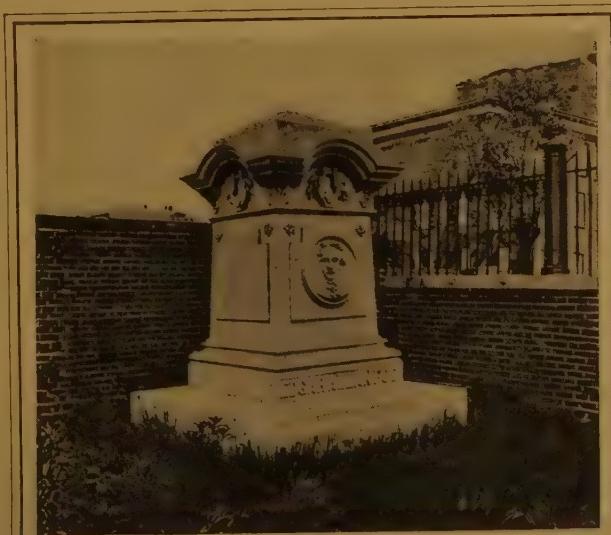
Poe's social life was naturally limited by his deplorable poverty. His later life was one constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Yet even his detractors have admitted his social charm, and there was a brief period when he played the part of a lion in New York. That was in 1845, after the publication of "The Raven," when he became not only the talk of the town, but also the talk of the nation. Temporarily he was much sought after.

This, according to contemporary descriptions, is the man who appeared at such houses as that of Anne Lynch, afterward Mrs. Botta: "His manners were graceful and refined, his voice was low, musical, and exquisitely modulated, his eyes were large, dark, luminous, and wonderfully expressive, and there was about him that air of unmistakable distinction which ordinary men cannot assume, and which few men ever have." Belligerent enough in

controversy, or in his office at the "Broadway Journal"—Richard Henry Stoddard recalled that when he called there as a youth Poe had threatened to throw him down-stairs—he seems to have been surprisingly reticent and modest in a drawing-room. He was an excellent listener, and rarely played the part of the lion in monopolizing the conversation. Occasionally Virginia accompanied him when he went into society in that year 1845. The picture is a pretty one, the delicate wife taking no part in the talk, but following her husband with her eyes, her sweet, girlish face brightened by her obvious pride in his success. It was her request, capping that of others, that moved him to recite "The Raven," a performance which was described as "A thrilling, an entralling, an overpowering exhibition of fervid frenzy and mental exaltation. Once heard it was never forgotten."

In the portraits of Poe that have come down to us there is a curious variety. Indeed, there is a French portrait that makes him thoroughly French in appearance. One writer on the subject has said: "We see (in the earlier portraits) the handsome, intellectual face . . . the head finely modeled . . . the dark and clustering hair; the mouth whose smile was sweet and winning . . . this man has not only the gift of beauty, but the passionate love of beauty. . . . But look at some daguerreotype taken shortly before his death, and it is like an inauspicious mirror, that shows all too clearly the ravage made by a vexed spirit within. Here is . . . the bitterness of scorn. In Bendann's likeness, indubitably faithful, we find . . . hardened lines in chin and neck . . . the face tells of battling, of conquering external enemies, of many a defeat when the man was at war with his meaner self." Why not? Was not the man always at war with his meaner self?

When, after the death of Virginia, there was talk of Poe mar-



POE'S GRAVE AND MONUMENT  
In the Westminster Presbyterian churchyard, Baltimore, Maryland

## THE MENTOR

rying again, Horace Greeley—who never seemed able to forget that \$50—wrote to Griswold: "Do you know Sarah Helen Whitman? Of course you have heard it rumored that she is to marry Poe. Well, she seemed to me a good girl, and you know what Poe is. Now, I know a widow of doubtful age will marry almost any sort of a white man, but this seems to me a terrible conjunction. Has Mrs. Whitman no friend within your knowledge that can faithfully *explain* Poe to her? I never attempted this sort of thing but once, and the net result was two enemies and a hastening of the marriage."

But, without Greeley's intervention, Poe did not marry Mrs. Whitman. In order to persuade the lady, who seemed reluctant, Poe tried suicide by laudanum. That moved her to promise to marry him "to reform him." He, on his part, made solemn promises of good behavior, but friends of the family broke off the affair, and the two never saw each other again. But they wrote poetry to each other. Mrs. Whitman turned the separation into verse in her "Our Island of Dreams," which was really good poetry, albeit strongly marked by the Poe influence. She firmly believed that Poe wrote "Annabel Lee" in response to that poem. And, with the exception of his marriage, that writing of poems was the epitome, the summing up, of Poe's relations with women. Where a man of genuine talent writes, somewhere, between the lines, may be read what manner of man he is. That is especially so of a poet, and the women of Poe's verse are disembodied spirits. He loved many women, but he loved them not as

Byron did, nor as Swinburne did. In writing of them they are always remote, always the Annabel Lees of a "kingdom by the sea." They are the women of dreams and not flesh and blood and passions.

### POE, LOVER OF WOMEN

It was the worship of women rather than the love of women that was the dominating passion, and, in just compensation, women

have been the warmest defenders of his memory. Mrs. Whitman, the "widow of doubtful age" of Greeley's letter, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Weiss, "Stella," Mrs. Shelton, Mrs. Shew—these were his champions, as Griswold and others of his own sex were his defamers. "It is the soul-elevating idea, that no man can consider himself entitled to complain of fate while, in his adversity, he still retains the unwavering love of woman." That, Poe had to the end of his days; and having that, a man can hardly be all bad.

During the years since Poe's death his friends and defenders have grown fast in number. Mr. E. C. Stedman, in his "Poets of America," insists that "Poe was not a man of immoral habits. Scholars, writers, and artists," he says, "in spite of a tradition to the contrary, are less given, as a class, to forbidden pleasures than business men and idle men of the world. Poe was no exception to the rule. Woman was to him the impersonation of celestial beauty, her influence soothed and elevated him, and in her presence he was gentle, winning, and subdued. There is not an unchaste suggestion in the whole course of his writings."



From photo by Central News Photo Service

### IN THE HALL OF FAME

This bust of Poe was designed by the sculptor Daniel Chester French, and was set up in the Hall of Fame, New York, in May, 1922.

# THE STORY of PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

A wit once described Shelley as "an angel whom a country clergyman shot at in mistake for a buzzard." Certainly the lives of few English poets have given rise to more bitter controversies than his. While his impassioned devotees have been busy spinning a web of false idealism about the unhappy circumstances which marked its brief course, other writers have not hesitated to subject it to the most severe criticism. Now that a whole century has passed since his death, it should surely be possible to reach some unbiased estimate of the man and his actions.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, near Horsham, in the county of Sussex, on August 4, 1792. He was the eldest son of a wealthy country squire. Little of any consequence is known of his childhood. "Master Bysshe only took a walk and came back again," was the report of an old family servant who had been sent to follow the steps of the young boy whose strange love of moonlit fields had already begun to mystify the conventional minds of his parents.

On his entering a private school he took to the classics, "without effort of learning," and would spend most of his time in form in watching the clouds sailing across the class-room window or in making sketches from memory of the familiar shapes of the garden trees of his home. Having within his frail, high-spirited nature that "perilous stuff" which men call genius, it was

unlikely that he would be happy at school. English boys with their love of reserve and conformity are especially ready to resent any deviation from recognized forms in conduct, thought, or dress. It

was a familiar sight, we are told, in those days, to see the young child flying through the cloisters of Eton with a crowd of malicious schoolboys after him. The pastime was known as a "Shelley bait." "Let us hunt mad Shelley," they would say, and immediately the name that was to become sacred to all lovers of poetry would be heard echoing down the corridors of the ancient school.

On leaving Eton, Shelley went up to University College, Oxford. Here he made friends with Hogg, in collaboration with whom he published his famous treatise on "The Necessity of Atheism"—an imprudence which led to his expulsion. The Oxford affair not only estranged Shelley from his father but also caused his first love, Harriet Grove, to throw him over in favor of a young squire from Somerset—a "clod of earth," as Shelley called him.

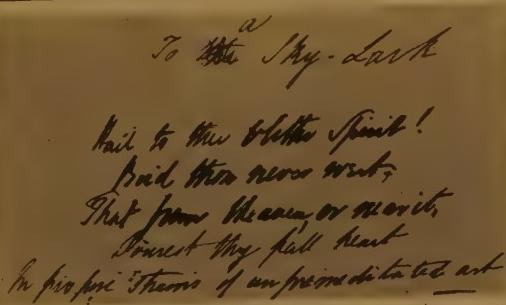
Shelley now took rooms in Poland Street, London, the street being selected by him because its name suggested to his mind ideas about liberty. His pecuniary straits were relieved at this time by his two sisters, who saved up their pocket money and sent it to him by the hand

of their school

friend Harriet Westbrook. This young girl was the daughter of a coffee-house keeper known as "Jew" Westbrook, and was eventually married by Shelley, "for pity's sake," because he believed her to be unhappy both at home and at school. The two young people



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



FROM "TO A SKYLARK"

First page of the original manuscript of Shelley's famous ode, showing the handwriting of the poet, and his correction in the title of the poem



THE BURNING OF THE MORTAL REMAINS OF SHELLEY

This painting by Louis Edouard Fournier is in the Liverpool Art Gallery, Liverpool, England. Lord Byron, Trelawny, and Leigh Hunt may be seen in the foreground witnessing the incineration, and a group of Italian peasants in the background.

eloped to Edinburgh, where the church register duly records the marriage of "a spinster, Harriet Westbrook, aged 16, to a Sussex farmer, Percy Bysshe Shelley, aged 19."

Long before this, Shelley's father had declared "that, though he would provide for as many illegitimates as his son chose to have, he would never pardon a mesalliance," and on receipt of the news he wrote saying that "his son had withdrawn himself from his protection and had set off for Scotland with a young female."

Harriet was a pretty, sympathetic girl with a taste for reading aloud from ethical treatises, a taste, however, which does not seem in any way to have deterred Shelley's friend Hogg from doing his best to seduce her in the poet's absence. As a means of preventing any further annoyance of the kind, Harriet invited her elder sister to come and stay with her, and we may perhaps be allowed to fancy that the word portrait which Hogg drew of this lady was not altogether disassociated from a certain pique at the sequence events had taken! He says that "her face was the colour of rice cooked in dirty water" and her hair "was a long crop much like the tail of a horse—a switch tail." There is little doubt that this importation of Eliza into his ménage became extremely distasteful to Shelley, and even possibly gave rise to his first feelings

of discontent with his rôle as a husband.

The party presently left England for Ireland, where Shelley wrote a Sinn Fein pamphlet entitled "An Address to the Irish People." This he did all in his power to bring before the public, even going so far as to stand on the balcony of his room and throw copies of it at the feet of any citizen of Dublin who "looked as if he might be interested in the good cause." The results, however, of all his energy and enterprise remained slight, and after a while he was put so thoroughly out of conceit with the Irish as a race that he felt no misgivings in declaring them to be "scarcely of greater elevation in the scale of intellectual being than the oyster."

Although at this time he wrote, "When I come home to Harriet I am one of the happiest of the happy," there is little question but that he was beginning to realize the incompatibility of his and his wife's temperaments. These differences were further augmented by Harriet's refusal to nurse their baby Ianthe, thereby, as it appeared to the poetical nature of Shelley, outraging one of the most sacred obligations of motherhood!

It was now that he first saw Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, the famous author of "Political Justice." She was a young girl of seventeen. We have a description of their

## THE MENTOR

meeting. "The door opened. A thrilling voice called, 'Mary'—a thrilling voice answered, 'Shelley.' " For a second time Shelley eloped, on this occasion driving by coach southward and crossing by night to France in a small sailing boat. He had now put his anti-social theories into actual practice, and by so doing had alienated from his cause the sympathies of many people in that and each succeeding age. The romantic couple, accompanied by Claire Clairmont, Mary's half sister, made their way to Switzerland, and it was there that Shelley met Lord Byron for the first time. There is an interesting story of Byron reading late at night that weird poem of Coleridge's called "Christabel," and of Shelley, who was listening, flinging himself suddenly from the room, in horror, because he had seen a vision of a woman's breasts with eyes for nipples. Apparently, however, it was not only interest in literary matters that attached his lordship to the runaway party, for it was during these months that a love affair took place between him and Claire Clairmont which resulted in the birth of *Allegro*.

By September, 1816, they were once more in England, but, alas! it was only to be met by fresh calamities. In November the news reached them of Harriet having drowned herself in the Serpentine. It has been remarked as a curious fact that a "hydro-pathic fatality" seems to have pursued Shelley and those with whom he had to do. His wife's mother, the famous Mary Wollstonecraft, attempted suicide off Putney Bridge, his wife's half sister actually destroyed herself by drowning, and finally the poet himself came to his unhappy end in the Bay of Spezia!

The distressing news of Harriet's death was undoubtedly a great shock to Shelley, and his suffering was not lessened by the fact that in a suit of chancery Lord Eldon, the Lord Chancellor, decided that he was an unfit guardian for his children. In his "Mask

of Anarchy," we are put in touch with something of the bitterness of the poet's mood:

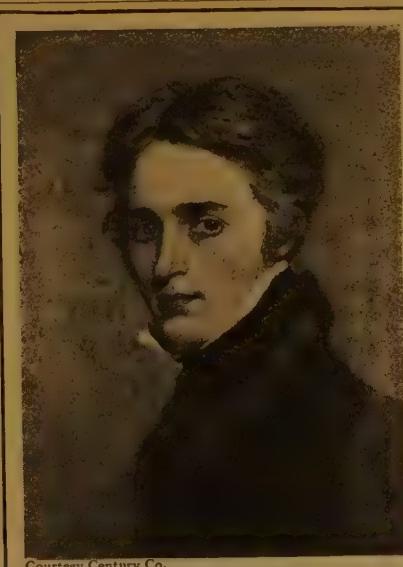
Next came Fraud, and he had on,  
Like Eldon, an ermined gown.  
His big tears, for he wept well,  
Turned to millstones as they fell.

And the little children, who  
Round his feet played to and fro,  
Thinking every tear a gem,  
Had their brains knocked out by them.

Shelley now went to live at Marlow on the Thames. It is here that we get the happiest glimpse of him. All his personal tastes were extraordinarily simple. He gave little thought to food or dress. He would go about without anything on his head, taking delight in allowing the sun, wind, and rain to play upon him as they willed. He would constantly plunge his head into cold water. He was extremely fond of bread, and when hungry would buy a loaf and eat it as he walked along the street. He hated society, and the voice of a stranger or the ring at the house bell filled him with uneasy alarms. On one occasion he came home wearing no boots—he had given them to a beggar. At another time he found shelter for an unfortunate woman whom he had discovered fainting on a heath near London.

He carried her for miles. "Sir, your conduct is extraordinary," came the offending voice of one respectable citizen upon whose door he had knocked in the hope of getting help. "Sir, I am sorry to say that your conduct is not extraordinary," came back the answer from the disillusioned yet merciful poet. For a long time before this Shelley had been a vegetarian. Indeed, his friend Peacock, who by nature had no inclination toward asceticism, was in the habit of saying that "two mutton chops well peppered" would have been the solution of all Shelley's ills. At Marlow it was Shelley's custom to go about buying live crawfish in order to return them to the Thames.

The climate of Marlow, however, proved



Courtesy Century Co.

### THE WEST PORTRAIT

This study of Shelley was painted by William E. West, of Nashville, Tenn., from sketches made at Villa Rossa in the last year of the poet's life. It is owned by Mrs. John Dunn

unsuitable for his health, and on March 12, 1817, he set sail for Italy, "that happy home of exiles." But his misfortunes still dogged him. His two children died of a fever. For sixty hours, we are told, the poet sat watching at the bedside of his dying son. On November 12th the bereaved parents were consoled by the birth of Percy Florence, the child who eventually succeeded to the baronetcy and became a friend of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Perhaps these last years were the happiest of Shelley's life. He was surrounded by his friends, and although his work remained unrecognized he had not lost confidence in himself. "This well I know," he said once to Medwin, "there is something in my writing that will live forever." He spent his days in reading philosophy, and in writing poetry, and in wandering through the pinewoods. Once, while bathing with Trelawny in the Arno, he plunged into a deep pool and, as he could not swim, sank to the bottom, where he lay like a white silver fish. When his friend had with difficulty brought him to the shore, his only comment was, "In another moment I would have found Truth and you would have found an empty shell." Those interested in psychic phenomena have remarked upon the many strange portents that heralded the July disaster. Shelley's own writings are full of significant allusions that could hardly fail to catch the attention of the curious:

Till death like sleep might steal on me  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;  
The massy earth and spher'd skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar.

The summer of 1822 was exceptionally hot, and during those still, sun-drenched days, while the priests of Italy went in long pro-

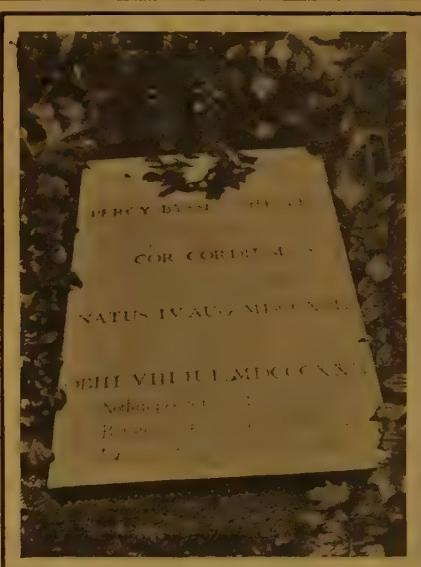
cessions praying for rain, Shelley was troubled by many strange visitations. One evening Allegra, Byron's illegitimate child, who had died some months previously, was seen by the poet to rise out of the blue waves of the Mediterranean and beckon him to her. Night after night his sleep was disturbed by evil dreams, and night after night the Villa Magni, where he lived, would resound to his shrill unearthly cries. A small sailing vessel had been acquired, and Shelley in the day would spend much of his time upon the sea. Trelawny describes to us how he would sit in the stern of his frail craft, "intent on catching images from the ever-changing sea and sky."

On the afternoon of July 8, 1822, a sudden squall broke over the tranquil summer sea and Shelley's boat, which had been seen to leave the harbor, was entirely lost to view. Several days later his body was washed ashore. In the pocket of his coat was an *Aeschylus* and a volume of Keats' poems. The *Aeschylus* belonged to a set of eleven, bound in white vellum, and long afterward Stevenson used to look with interest at the small historic volume, discolored and soiled by sea water, as it stood beside its fellows on Sir Percy Shelley's

bookshelf in Hampshire.

Shelley's body was cremated on the seashore by Byron, Trelawny, and Leigh Hunt. Lord Byron, with an insensitive effrontery characteristic of him, petitioned to be allowed to take away the skull of the poet—a request which the fury of the flames rendered impracticable. For some unexplained reason, Shelley's heart refused to burn. It was eventually snatched from the flames by Trelawny and afterward buried in England. Shelley's ashes were buried near the grave of John Keats in the Protestant cemetery at Rome.

His swift antinomian life was over at last, but not without leaving for those who love poetry a legacy that will be cherished as long as the English language is spoken.



THE TABLET TO SHELLEY

In the Protestant cemetery at Rome the poet's ashes are inurned and the urn embedded in the ivy-covered wall behind the tablet



# THE LOST + BELLS of TU- MACACORI

BY RONNE C. SHELSÉ

A few miles north of the border town of Nogales, Arizona, stands the Mission San José de Tumacacori. It was built by Spanish Franciscan missionaries, more than a century ago, and abandoned by them when the savage Apache Indians overran the region. Time and tourist vandals were rapidly leveling the old church, when, in 1908, President Theodore Roosevelt created it a national monument. Since then the government custodian has done everything possible within his limited means to restore the mission. Despite his assiduity, it appears that the empty bell arches must remain empty. Four large bells once hung in them, and what has become of them is a mystery.

According to border legend, the Franciscan fathers buried the bells to save them from the Apaches. One day, years ago, a Mexican appeared at Tucson, Arizona, with two rust-covered bell clappers, which he said belonged to the lost chimes of Tumacacori. Members of the Arizona State University faculty, who examined the hand-wrought iron tongues, pronounced them genuine. The relics were purchased from the Mexican, and may be seen in the university museum to-day.

Questioned as to where he found the bell tongues, the Mexican said that for generations his family had handed down the story of the buried bells. He admitted that the clappers had not been buried together. A reward for the bells was offered, and he disappeared. Weeks later he returned, empty-handed. Either the family legend was wrong, he said, he had used the wrong landmarks, or else someone had removed the bells, for they were not where he had dug.

From time to time, new clues to the hiding place of the bells have come to the mission. Searches have been made. All have failed.

Recently, workmen were making repairs on the building, when an old Mexican from Tubac, a neighboring town, came over to smoke and chat with them. He asked why, since they were repairing the mission, they did not hang one of the big bells in the tower. The custodian replied that he would be glad to if someone could tell him where they were.



MISSION SAN JOSÉ DE TUMACACORI

The old Franciscan mission near Nogales, Arizona, from which the "missing bells" were taken years ago

The Mexican declared that he had known since boyhood where one of the bells was buried. Thirty-five years ago, he said, a rumor reached him that the bell had been removed. With another Mexican he came to the mission to learn if this were true. They sunk a pit about eight feet deep, and found the bell. Having proved that it was still there, they filled the hole.

Offered a reward, the Mexican agreed to show the custodian where he had found the sunken bell. He insisted that no one else be present when he pointed out the spot. His conditions were carried out, and an eight-foot pit was sunk where he directed. There was no bell there. Another, and still another, hole was dug. Once the explorers received a real thrill. About a foot down they came upon a rotted stick standing vertically. They were sure that the old man had left a marker which he had forgotten to mention. The ground had the appearance of having been turned before. They dug feverishly until they were down four feet. The shovel grated on something metallic. It was uncovered, and proved to be—an old bucket! The custodian has learned since that neighborhood boys prospected for the bell in that pit twenty years ago. Becoming discouraged, they planned the joke which has just come to light. The Mexican, however, is not satisfied. He points out that the prospectors stopped digging at a depth of four or five feet, and he is sure that his pit was over his head when his shovel struck the bell.

Some day the mystery may be solved, and the deep boom of the old mission bells will again reverberate across the desert. But today they exist only in legend.



## LEOPATRA HAS A NEW DEFENDER

GEORG BRANDES, Danish Author

CONSIDERS HER A VICTIM  
OF EVIL TONGUES ♦ ♦

Cleopatra, in spite of her highly colored career, has had a few friends in almost every generation—usually writers of smart paragraphs who have found the Siren of the Nile “good copy” for their journalistic articles. One of the most distinguished of the defenders of Cleopatra in our day is the witty and perverse George Bernard Shaw, who finds much to say on behalf of the arch enchantress in his recent play, “Cæsar and Cleopatra.” All these witnesses, however,—some of them not convincing in their sincerity—fade into insignificance when so eminent an authority as Georg Brandes, the famous Danish critic, comes forward with a brief in extenuation of the life and character of Cleopatra. This makes us pause and reconsider for a moment the case of the Lady of the Nile. She was, Brandes tells us, a very natural feminine product of her time—a brilliant woman “with rich intelligence and rare goodness.” It appears then that the old epigram, “If Cleopatra’s nose had been longer, the history of Rome would have been different,” loses its point, for Mr. Brandes asserts that it was not so much by her beauty as by the potent charms of her personality that Cleopatra drew men to her and held them in thrall. “Apart from her attractiveness,” he says, “she apparently was a woman of great merit. The fury with which she was defamed by historians and poets wanting to ingratiate themselves with Augustus makes no impression on a modern reader free from bias, and what, for instance, Plutarch tells about her long after her time is unreliable nonsense that he had heard from his great-grandfather Nikarshos, who again built upon evidence and anecdotes passing from mouth to mouth during one hundred and fifty years, mostly among liberated slaves, and which go contrary to the facts. It is a pity that Shakespeare had no other source than Plutarch for his presentation of Cleopatra!”

To understand women like Cleopatra, Clodia, Fulvia, and others of Cæsar’s time, we must remember that their blood was un-



GEORG BRANDES

The eminent Danish critic, gives Cleopatra the benefit of the doubt

tamed. “It was not for nothing that they were the females to the males who made conquest of the then known world. They followed their impulses, which were always impetuous, sometimes wild.”

Cleopatra’s childhood was such as to teach her to be on her guard and to make the best possible use of her abilities. Her father, Ptolemy Auletes, had a bad reputation, so she had no worthy example in him. In fact, the events of the time did not give her confidence in any human kind, nor give her any illusions as to what life would promise her. When she was only fourteen years old, Mark Antony, who years later filled so big a place in her life, saw her for the first time, when he was general of Gabinius’ cavalry, and was struck with her beauty. Altogether she impressed every Roman with whom she came in contact, and by the time she became queen, at seventeen years of age, she had made more than one heart conquest. She was involved in civil war, and sadly in need of aid when Julius Cæsar came to Egypt. Then her greatest conquest was achieved.

Her approach to Cæsar was characteristic

## THE MENTOR

of the daring, venturesome spirit of the high-mettled queen. Cleopatra realized fully that, since the attempt to prevent her meeting with Cæsar had proved unsuccessful, her enemies would not hesitate to use violence to gain their end. She likewise felt that her life was at stake should she show herself openly in Alexandria, where spies were all around, and whose task it would be to make known her coming. Should she go to the city overland, the outposts of the Egyptian army would take her prisoner. She therefore went aboard a small boat near Pelusium, disguised and accompanied by a single friend, the Sicilian, Apollodorus.

Late that evening she reached unnoticed—passing among the mass of ships that filled the harbor—the stairway leading to the wing of the royal palace occupied by Cæsar. Her companion placed her in one of the many-colored bags that travelers at that time carried for the purpose of their bed covering and rugs. The bag was laced together with straps, and, putting the load on his back, Apollodorus, in that way, fooled the guard.

"Cleopatra was brought before Cæsar as a bundle. Before his eyes, the straps were unloosened, and out of the bag stepped Cleopatra—like Aphrodite, according to the legend, from out of the seashell. Cæsar was transformed into Cleopatra's spokesman after having been her judge.

"Among the many women of Cæsar's acquaintance, Cleopatra alone captivated him to such a degree that she influenced his political program; that, for her sake, he committed the only consequential political-strategic folly in his whole life: his long stay in Egypt which came to cost him so dearly.

"For her sake Cæsar permitted his enemies undisturbed to gather armies against him in Asia, Africa, Spain, while, if Cleopatra had never existed, he could have put an end to the world war at once. For Cleopatra's sake he found himself in a more difficult position than ever before, and on her account he was compelled to wage war during more than four years subsequently. On her account he challenged at last, unwisely, the public opinion of Rome. No other

woman did him such harm, and none remained so precious to him until the last.

"Cæsar never complained of Cleopatra, nor did she give him any occasion. His love for her, nevertheless, proved ruinous to him, and had much to do with feeding the last conspiracy against him."

After the murder of Cæsar came the meeting with Mark Antony, and the vivid love drama that proved fatal to the Roman general and ended the career of Cleopatra the enchantress. To the end she remained true to the type of untamed, semi-barbaric, conquering womanhood of her time, "*the female to the male who made conquest of the world.*"

In Cleopatra's time, in Cleopatra's land, no one could have made and held a dominating place but a Cleopatra.

Such is the point of view of Georg Brandes. Whether it will have any effect on the long-accepted verdict of history is a matter of doubt.

*W. D. M.*



CLEOPATRA BEFORE CÆSAR  
From the famous painting by J. L. Gérôme



## THE HOME OF THE MARSUPIAL FROG

Unlikely-looking country for frogs and toads—the Andes; yet it is the happy hunting ground for them, the writer of this article says. The frog is South America's most characteristic mammal

## THE MYSTERY OF THE \* \* \* MARSUPIAL FROG

BY G. KINGSLEY NOBLE

Photographs by the Author

When we think of Africa we visualize lions; thinking of Asia our thoughts turn to tigers; of Australia, to kangaroos. In Africa, mammalian life is dominant and we hear to-day of the gigantic herds of game which still roam across the East African savannas. But in South America there are no important mammals. Mammalian life is not abundant on the South American plains, but among the mountain peaks there are more kinds of frogs than anywhere else in the world!

It was partly for this reason that an expedition sent out jointly by the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the Harvard School of Tropical Medicine found itself one day early in August in the little town of Huancabamba, high up in the Andes of northern Peru. The bleak slopes rolling above on all sides scarcely seemed a desirable situation

\* \* \* for finding water-loving creatures. Frogs and toads, as we know them in the north, require ponds or streams in which to lay their eggs. But here at Huancabamba there were no ponds or streams of any sort, save the torrent which rushed madly down the valley. Nevertheless, there were frogs at Huancabamba, and several kinds.

The Andean region has long been known as the home of a frog which does not lay its eggs in the water, but carries them in a pouch on the back. The creature is called the marsupial frog in reference to this marsupium, or pouch. Many fascinating problems in the life history of the marsupial frog have

remained for years unsolved. Very little is known about the frog itself, its pouch, its egg laying, the manner in which the eggs reach the pouch, the period of incubation. One of my purposes in going to Huancabamba was to try to unravel some of the mysteries that surround its life.

There is one way, and only one way, of delving into the home life of a frog; that is to steal upon him at night when his calling betrays his place of hiding. With an electric flashlight the task is easy, for he is as little disturbed by the light from the electric (*Continued on page 40*)



THE MARSUPIAL FROG

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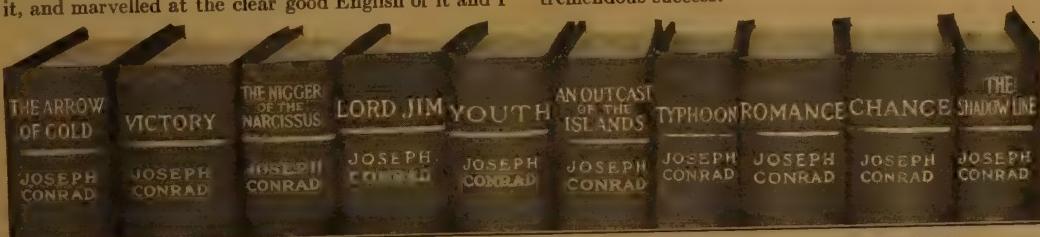
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## THE MYSTERY OF THE + MARSUPIAL FROG +

*Continued from page 38*

bulb as he is over the fireflies that flit across his world. His calling, love making, nest building, may be examined in detail. It was obvious that if we were to inveigle the marsupial frog into revealing his secrets it would have to be done at night.

Very soon after our arrival in Huancabamba I started off alone one night toward a banana patch where I had heard the previous evening the hammering of a dozen carpenters. There was something about the quality of the hammering which told me the "carpenters" were not human. I thought of the carpenter frogs which come to our New Jersey pine barrens in the spring. They are a different family and their hammering has a clattering, less deliberate ring. The New Jersey "carpenters" always sounded to me like a crowd of boys laying shingles, while the clear, measured beat of these hammers could be compared only with that of a skilled workman.

First, I followed an old agave-grown wall, and then another stone wall running to a banana field. It was a different world at night from the one I had seen in the day. My light fell first upon a giant centipede, over eight inches long, putting into service every one of its many legs for a rapid escape up the trail. Numerous jewels shone in the circle of the light. Some of these on investigation proved to be drops of water, others of a deeper glow were the eyes of spiders.

The hammering became much louder as I approached the banana patch. I realized that the hammerers were not all in the banana plants: some were in the old stone wall, and others in the agave plants. I started toward one of the performers, but another calling nearer at hand turned me aside, and before I had fairly well started it seemed much easier to run down a third. It was only after I had concentrated my en-

tire attention on the pounding of one of these Huancabamba "carpenters" that I had any success at all, and then it seemed so easy! The performers were not the least disconcerted by the spotlight. It is only the male that calls. Oddly enough for a frog, he is very differently colored from the female, being much gaudier, with stripes of fawn across his green back. Not all marsupial frogs are so exquisitely marked. These Huancabamba specimens proved later to be a new species.

Even before I reached out to pick up my first "carpenter," as he hammered with greatly distended vocal pouch, I was aware of a sweetish odor which seemed to arise from all sides. It was such a pungent odor that I did not suspect until later that it came from the marsupial frog. Northern frogs and toads have little, if any, odor.

It was a difficult matter to find male per-

formers, and I came upon their silent mates only by chance. Most of these already were carrying their load of offspring in the pouch on the back. In our improvised laboratory the pouches were opened and the tadpoles examined in detail. Each tadpole was surrounded by two greatly expanded sheets of gill tissue. It was obviously the breathing apparatus of these papoose tadpoles.

We raised the tadpoles, and watched them emerge into the outer world. Still, it remained a mystery where the marsupial frogs intended to deposit their aquatic, even if well advanced, offspring. The only puddle of any size at Huancabamba was a cistern which caught the rain water from one of the streets. In this depression, not three feet wide, we found a number of marsupial frog eggs. But we were sure all the offspring of the Huancabamba "carpenters" could not survive in such a place.

Every night for a month I went out hunting for marsupial frogs. However, the outstanding query in my mind concerning the life history of these creatures—how the sack is actually created—remained unanswered.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE HUNT

Huancabamba, in the Andes, where the Harvard expedition was housed during the hunt for the marsupial frog

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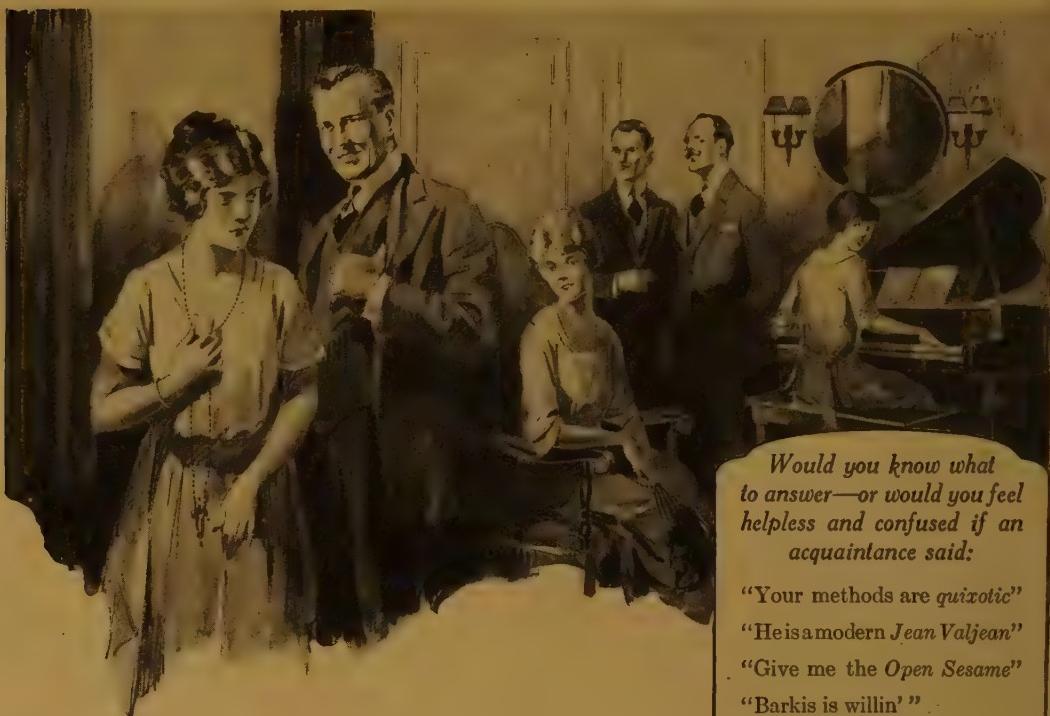
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

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W. D. MOFFAT

EDITOR

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$4.00 A YEAR

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THE ADDRESS OF EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

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F POE could visit the little cottage at Fordham where he lived during his last years, and where his child wife, Virginia, died; if he could see what loving hands have done to restore that humble little dwelling, and to make it a fitting shrine for a genius now world-recognized, those somber, brooding eyes would surely brighten and the bitter, melancholy lips relax.

For years after Poe's death, the cottage attracted little public attention. Those who took an interest in it found there an affecting reminder of the unfortunate poet—a shy, detached, shabby structure holding pathetically to its original character while a great city crowded round it with solid buildings of brick and stone. Its picturesque, rural setting was spoiled—and it stood in danger from fire.

Then in June, 1913, after the city of New York had set aside an area entitled "Poe Park," the cottage was moved a bit north to a position in the park, and confided to the care of the Bronx Society of Arts, Sciences, and History.

The work of restoring the cottage has been well done, so that the interior presents again the appearance that made the three little rooms and attic attractive to the poet's visitors. "It was," wrote Mrs. Grove, a faithful friend of the Poes, "so neat, so

poor, so unfurnished, and yet so charming."

Some of the original household articles have been recovered. There before the brick hearth is the poet's rocking chair—in which, it is said, he composed "Annabel Lee," "The Bells," and "Ulalume." There is the wooden bedstead on which Virginia died. The knobs on one side are cut away—to fit it to the sloping roof of the attic room. When Virginia was dying, Mrs. Grove saw her on this bed—which was covered "only with straw and counterpane and sheets. Virginia lay wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom." Anything served for warmth on that last sad Saturday in January, 1847.

The little cottage, with its flower garden, shaded in summer by cherry trees, was the only real home Poe had—and he loved it.

The old garden and the trees are gone, but the cottage is here—restored as nearly as possible to its original condition. It is a good work that the Poe Cottage Committee has done.

Poe's portrait in bronze is now at last in the Hall of Fame on University Heights—a belated recognition of his genius. His spirit broods, more likely, in the little rooms of the shingled cottage at Fordham.

•Editor



IF POE COULD SEE HIS COTTAGE NOW  
The Fordham home of Poe as restored to-day



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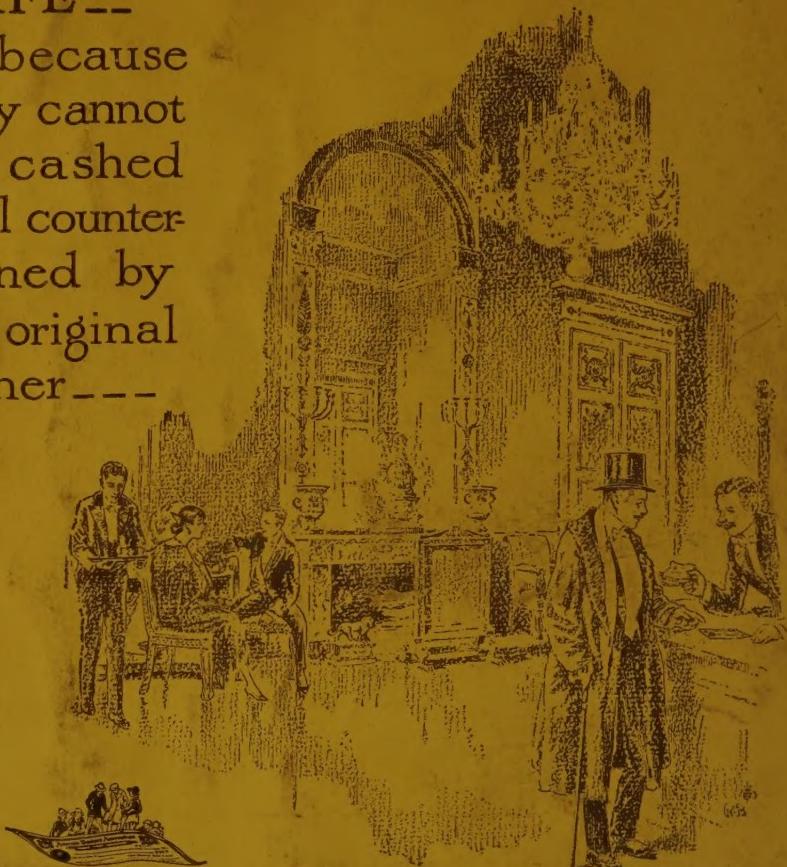
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